General Activities

They breathe, in silence, for walking a new pathway.

They chant divine chants at dawn.

They recover strengths of many undergone struggles!

Caring, struggling, hard-working mothers

Unify their efforts and loud appeals, excited.

Struggling here and beyond, in a strange world, however.

They humbly overcome every moment

Filling hopeless hearts with love and tenderness

And reiterate daily, resolutely, their search for the Good.

Humbly, they move forward along tight pathways.

They hear cries of profound appeals, from the past.

They hasten to dream again

And, unruffled, working together, they demand a renewed world!

The original was written in Portuguese by Maria do Cêu, and was translated into English by Francisco Langa on the 28th July 2011.

**Women**

They silently sigh

For a new life way.

They sing divine chants

At dawn.

They recover strengths

From battles away!

Caring, hard-working, industrious

Mothers gather their efforts,

And release cries in anxiety.

They struggle here and beyond

In a strange world, though.

They humbly cope with every while

Providing broken hearts

With tenderness and hope.

They get back daily, firmly

In their search for the Good.

They honestly walk amidst

Narrow lanes.

They hear cries of strong appeals

From the past.

They hasten to dream anew, and

Working together, serenely claim

A renewed world!

Maria

**The Rainbow**  
  
It ruled the nature,  
After it raining heavily,  
The sun having not surrendered it,  
It Brightly shone!  
  
Then,  
The way was still long,  
Mixed feelings troubling them!  
  
Beyond the horizon,  
The rainbow stood up  
Not frighteningly like the lightning,  
To raise appreciation on the nature.  
  
Showing off its colours!  
  
       
                                                    Tanguene

I would like to share another poem I´ve written under the theme **Mother.** Post your comments.

The Revelation  
Of the truth   
Shall not be  
In so many  
Similar ways  
For in life  
Each   
Marks the difference  
  
Proud mother   
Like that tree  
Tree of life  
With so many branches  
Which bear fruit  
True fruit.  
  
Tanguene Thursday, September 18, 2008

**I ´m like dust**

I would like to live  
like the endless bird´s song  
that chirps and leaves the mango tree,  
again chirps and crosses the sea.  
  
I would like to live  
like the blue of the sea  
so long the sky is blue  
the blue lives on the sea  
  
I would like to live  
blowing like wind  
yet knowing my life  
is like dust risen by wind.  
  
Tanguene

**The mysterious place**

I saw the scriptures many times

Read a lot, kept the words

That in the never known place

There’ll never be Hatred.

Like Him in the universe

That makes and destroys

In the way everyone surrenders

There will never be.

I wish I were where you are

Respecting the law, steps of life

You have drawn for each of us

The place I told you about.

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

01.08.2011

08:39

**Memories**

I never ever forgot

The serpent streets

The crooked streets

We hang out together

Playing *Tcho tcho tcho1.*

I never ever forgot

The bright times

in my five years of age

I was the father

And she, the mother

Eating the sand and the mud cakes.

I was the father

 She was the mother

I was the husband

She was the wife

Dirio Rodrigues Dambile

 30.07.2011

1 ***tcho tchoc tcho*** = hide- and –seek

***tcho tchoc tcho -*** is one step of life kept by anyone who has passed the stage of being a child with the freedom  to mingle with other children in the surroundings.

Children “know the role of a father” as they second-person them at the earlier ages. When I was five years old I could order a bit to my little 5 year old wife, crazy, isn’t? Hum, you don’t know!

**The seed and the tree**

We have sown with love

Waited for it to sprout

And split up the land.

We have watered

Waited for it to branch off

And become a tree

We have waited to see

bear the fruits

And so it did.

Today, one tree

unbreakable tree

To stand on its own.

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

02.08.2011

11:36

This goes to my daughter Délvia, whose mother I loved very much but fate has played cruel tricks between us. We are no longer together, even though love goes on remembrances. I cannot prevent from.

You may be confused and ask why on earth to mention it. It’s very simple to understand! This Delvia-the seed, was planted not only by one person but her mother and I.  We both cared for from the beginning up to the time of her light.

This was not the end. We both struggled to see the newly born child grow to become what she is today-the unbreakable tree.

I´d like to share the poem In the Cage, it´s a poem I´ve posted to the Poet´s Corner but with a different look. my wish to share this is that I´ve written it one day I visited the zoo but was reluctant to copy it as it was first written on my shorthand notebook and changed it when I was about to post to the Poet´s Corner. The question is that I went back to the zoo and my poem was continued and wished to publish it exactly as it is first drawn, or maybe continue it one day in future:

**In the Cage**

I´ve seen them

Were two

Male and Female

Sitting there

The female started walking

And the male sat watching

He didn´t care

His goddess to go away

It was getting dark

I´ve seen them

Were two

In the cage

Not humans.

The other was alone

In the cage

No

Was there a little one

Sitting by

His story may tell

They two sat alone

The little one chewing

Who knows what he got!

The one sitting alone

In the cage

and the other two

We were told about

The children, they laugh

And some run away

He jumped

Said: jump! Jump!

Oh, he was chewing peanuts

And the children clapping hands

They said: Jump!

He jumped and got a peanut

And they said: Jump!

He jumped and he got a peanut

That´s what he was chewing!

Tanguene

**The cry and the glory**

I was a so little child

In the first pages of life

My eyes opened bitterly

To not see the whole game

Papa scolded mama,

I crawled towards

Mama scolded papa,

I crawled to witness

Who was right?

I don’t know!

My tears that shed

Judged and rescued

Then, my glory!

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

00:18 Minister11/08/2011

Love adventures

In love adventures

Some feel

Some pretend

There’s happiness to gain

There’s happiness to lose

Things carry the souls

With no right destination

Love leaves gaps

Hearts perish

In love adventures

Care must be taken

By: Dírio Dambile

05/09/09

Time never dies

Like fools

Chasing the wind

Aimlessly to no direction - we chase

The watch never stops

Tick, tick, tick

Time runs

But we chase

I chase

You chase

He, she, it chases

We, you, they chase

Humans chase

Animals chase

Every creature chases

We live in dreams

In unfulfilled goals

Chasing hopefully

The Time never found

We find alive, it lives

We survive and die

We are passers-by

Life time goes on

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

09:32min

11/08/2011

**From Ecclesiastes**

How much ignorance,  
How much wisdom.  
  
How many lies,  
How many truths.  
  
How much hunger  
How much is...  
Bread?  
  
"It’s all useless,  
life is useless  
It's like chasing the wind!"  
  
Tanguene

Thursday, June 5, 2008

**My long walk**

If her eyes were mine,

I would see

When she sees.

If my mouth was hers

I would plead.

If my hands were hers

I would not wait

Would touch

When she touches.

If her feet …

I would go

For

When she walks

My mind walks!

Tanguene

**One life**

Under the sun

There is one life

Held and taken care by each of us

If known the truth of life has been up

Why and why oppressing one another

For **me**, **I** say, **my** life is **mine** and is for **myself**

For **you**, **you** say, **your** life is **yours** and is for **yourself**

For **him**, **he** says, **his** life is **his** and is for **himself**

For **her**, **she** says, **her** life is **hers** and is for **herself**

For **it**, it says, **its** life is **its** and is for **itself**

For **us**, **we** say, **our** lives are **ours** and are for **ourselves**

And for **them**, **they** say, **their** lives are **theirs** and are for **themselves**

Again, thanks for your contribution, I think this poem should come in our school textbooks, let´s see if we can select poems and stories to seek for their inclusion in the national English schoolbooks.

Tanguene

**The Father of fathers**  
  
You planted

Harvested a little (yesterday)

from The tree giving fruits

Of the same kind

Different tastes (today)

You will live in our memories

Kept safe eternally,

For, Love and care

Of the children

That never wither

You said many a time father.

The lesson survived

To remain within each of us.

Rest in peace

Rest in peace

You are still alive!

By: Dirio Rodrigues Dambile

10:15 min

12.08.2011

**Humility and Prodigy**

He quietly walked to the stage

Telling touching stories

That excelled in being humane!

His words started flooding the people's heart

Caused inner reflection through art

Greatly impressed the audience

Astonished by his performance.

The jury panel were speechless

Before the outstanding greatness

Of such a talented youngster

Whose dream is to become a singer.

As his intense, profound melody

Was about to reach its end

Everyone rejoiced and perceived

It was the triumph of humility

Combined with such a a prodigy.

We'll always applaud **Choi**

For being talented, humble, coy

Praying the Lord for his protection

And long-life inspiration!

Maria

**The wrong way**

 A single day

I saw her in my way

So beautiful in tidy smiles

She walked carefully

In the red and white striped skirt

That matched with her shirt.

She got in my heart

Nothing I had to start

Unless just to say

I like you in my way.

It was all the same

She found no fun of the game

That was a wrong aim

Because like me

She had her own aim.

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

13.08.2011

11:56

**My body**

This is the way I was made

From hearts and souls

Taken out by inspirations.

I am from letters to words

From words to lines

Lines to stanzas

The simplest body.

By : Díiro Rodrigues Dambile

**Love was not there**

Raised with love, tenderness

It never thought the day would arrive

to limit beaths and to no more survive

if not become enemies for a while

We gave it the grass, it chewed

We gave it the watermelons

it Greedily swallowed

Love and trust was created.

For breach of trust

We sharpened the knife

The silly creature saw

It did not know

The sound of the knife

Would worth its life.

Grunting and grunting

With less care of alerts

There was its end approaching

Poor brother **PIG**

So silly, so big

**Zash**!

Though with its deafening cries

Worthless to save a life

We slaughtered, Worn its jacket off

Toasted, fried, cooked and eaten

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

Remember I told you I was travelling to my homeland last week. this is the story I brought about the poor big I brother Pig.

**Standing up**

Of the two sisters

She had one

Of whom took care

Who waited eagerly to see

It stand up to move.

In the ignoring mind

Of no alerts and warnings

Right before the sister

It was on its feet.

A look of surprise

**Edje!**

Was it a mistake?

No, it wasn’t!

But the answer.

It stood up again

A sound of hands

Rejoiced  the following attempts

**Te te teee! Te te teee!**

**Te te teee! Te te teee!**

**Edjeeee!**

Mum Come and see!

**Te te teee! Te te teee!**

**Te te teee! Te te teee!**

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

13.08.2011

**A Chant To Life**

This intends to be a chant to Life

To every moment of joy, even strife

To every thread of inspiration

All privileges and incantation

To wise thoughts and deep insights

Imparted to others - days and nights

To everyone's quest for happiness

And acceptance of sadness

To daily throbs of hearts passionate

Embracing love - pure, ultimate

To every human achievement

Towards the world's development

To nations' struggles for their progress

Aimed at their children's happiness

A chant to the Most Saviour

To HIm we highly praise thanking for every favour!

Maria

**The most wanted shelter**

It took time to find the place.

None had ever thought

Would no longer be its.

With no concerns of safety

Humming in the sunshine

Over blossoming flowers

Its resonant voice

Sounded tunefully.

Bit by bit, sucked the petals

To gather it in the shelter

It did not know would not be its.

By: Dírio Dambile

“Literature as a translation” this is a normal greeting in most of south Mozambique languages,  it is basically oral. we do it at our first meeting along the day, it only changes to “the Sunset” when see each other at the end of the day. So, please, accept my greeting:

**The sunrise**

The sun has risen,

there’s no much,

the children are playing,

we thank to see it rising

as we live, we live in hope

we’ll thank if we see it sets.

We too, we live in hope,

there's no much

They- the children are playing,

thanks we‘ve seen it rising

as we'll thank if we see it sets.

Tanguene

**This Love will live**

You went away

To let my love fade

Left open the way

We willingly made

Not looking back

You kicked me with your heel

Leaving alive my wounded heart

That will never heal.

You kicked me like a dog

Left me down like a useless log

Never at least a goodbye

Within the wish to see me die.

My lost beloved dear

This love that screams

The love in lost dreams

Will live in me forever.

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

**29/09/09   11:53**

**no fears… no tears…**

words and worlds

in the world

of meaningless

words,

one says I love you

and throws a sarcastic look,

you fake you don’t see

and you kiss away…

one cries I hate you

in a bright

laughter,

you miss yourself and wish

you were not the same,

one swears I love peace and freedom

and the next day is another… shit!,

one says goodbye

and then follows

your lonely way,

one shares your bed

and the next morning

becomes bad,

one carries commandments

in the right hand

and red wine

in another,

… and now that you

have seen the one!,

don’t shed tears

in this endless world

of words…

Mon Ami

[http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration\_\_ELT\_...](http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration__ELT_Online_Reading_Group.pdf)

**Liars and murderers**

Hidden behind our innocence

They make us the ladders

To reach their own ways.

They love our attention to their lies

They love our tongues for their boots

They love our queues to ballot boxes

Reached their goals they hate us.

Liars, Murderers

This is their truth

The truth they dislike

No them without us

This can’t be vice-versa.

By: Dirio Rodrigues Dambie

21.08.2011

**The two boxes**

Of the two

One is cheap and deep

The other is shallow and dear.

Of the two

One is made of sand

The other of wood.

The dear keeps the owner

The cheap encases both.

**What are the two boxes?**

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

22.08.2011

**In Different Seasons**

One season:

Birds’ feathers,

Colourful

Dressing akin

Smiling faces

Hands waving,

Shaking,

Loving, caring.

They have a reason.

Another season:

Wolves’ skin,

Dressing akin

Scary face,

Cold,

Hands crossed,

Sirens, high speed.

They find no reason.

 Tanguene

The Two Sides

Of a catastrophe  
Like the sides of the same coin  
They belong to the same world.  
Without recognising the perils of living,  
Of being and not being,  
They belong to the same coin.  
  
The two sides,  
With no care for the perils,  
To enjoy the differences of the living,  
Of being and not being,  
They belong to the same coin.  
  
The two sides,   
Prevent the catastrophe,  
For the sake of all the living,  
Of being and not being,  
They belong to the same coin.  
  
And even share the same perils!  
  
Tanguene

Tuesday, September 9, 2008

The ***coffin*** is for the owner – the corpse

The ***hole*** made to bury the dead body – ***grave***, is another “***box***” for both the coffin and the corpse.

Now we have two boxes: the **coffin** and the **grave**.

While I was revisiting some well-known African poetry, the idea of translating one of those poems has come to my mind. Hope you can approve of it... :)

So, I would like to suggest a collaborative piece of work. I'm starting the first part and other colleagues/readers who might be interested in this activity would continue the poem "**Quero ser tambor" by J**osé **C**raveirinha, one of the most acclaimed Mozambican poets.

All the best!

Maria

**I want to be a drum**

The drum is ageing from screaming

Oh ancient God of Men

Let me be a drum

Body and soul just a drum

Just a drum screaming in the hot tropical night.

Neither a flower born in the wood of despair.

Neither a river flowing into the sea of despair.

Neither a zagaia seasoned on the bright fire of despair.

Nor even poetry crafted under the crimson pain of despair.

Nor anything!

Just a drum ageing from screaming by the full moon of my homeland

Just a drum from the skin dried under the sun of my homeland.

Just a drum carved on the hard tree trunks of my homeland!

...

Maria

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...

Maria

***“Let me be a drum  
     body and soul just a drum  
     just a drum in the hot night  
     worn with its cry in the full moon  
     of my land…  
     I want to be a drum  
     and not a river  
     a flower…  
     nor even poetry.  
     Let me be a drum  
     Just a drum”  
       
    José Craveirinha***

***Source:*** [***http://ir.uz.ac.zw:8080/dspace/bitstream/123456789/605/1/ARMANDO+GUEBUZA...***](http://ir.uz.ac.zw:8080/dspace/bitstream/123456789/605/1/ARMANDO+GUEBUZA+AMONG+THE+POETS.pdf)

The Grassy Field

With a borrowed hoe

Your field will not plough.

Early in the morning

In a good mood went down

The field with the borrowed hoe

Your neighbour,

In his best mood tracks down

The field to take back his hoe

And, look! Your field now

The grassy field.

Tanguene

The Acacias Town   
By Tanguene

Acacia had tears on her face when a young boy and a young girl went to her to seek for shade because it was a very hot day. When they arrived they found her crying, while they wondered why, she cried louder. “I speak, but I’ll not speak to you. I speak a language humans don't understand” she told the young girl, “although I love him too, the way I love all people”, she continued. The young girl did not speak for she kept quiet. “He pees on me, on my foot, the only one foot providence gave me” she sobbed. “I cannot love him for he is to blame on my fate”.   
  
The young boy heard it and thought “If it wasn’t me no one else cares for you! Until rain comes you stay dry”, he thought as he made it to pee somewhere around the tree again. As the young boy went close to Acacia she cried even louder than before. She cried “While your words show care, your action is killing me. Stop it, stop it…please” she pleaded with her branches and leaves waving like hands when human eyes see the peril closing by. The young boy suddenly felt scared and stopped urinating on trees around the Acacia Town.   
  
  
11/2010

Reading Poems   
  
When you believe   
and suddenly they tell you   
and you ask   
and they tell you again   
  
but why not believe then   
you ask, right!   
Imagine a book with its cover   
then the book lost the cover   
how can you read it?   
  
If it’s a poetry book,   
poems don’t come on covers   
look inside the poem   
find on the pages inside   
and believe you found them   
and their meaning.   
  
Tanguene   
27/10/10

**The breathless**

I am breathless

I am nothing

All of me reduced to nonentity.  
Do not spend money

You never spent to restore my life

Do not waste money on daisies and roses

Just wrap me up this blanket  
straight to my grave.

I am breathless and nothing

No money to waste  
on varnished wood  
this torn and ragged blanket

Suits to be my best company

I am breathless and nothing

My word is to be respected

I say,   
do not lock me in the vanished boxes

Set me free around my poor blanket.

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile  
**Date: Mon, 26 May 2008**

**11:55:12**

**Peace**

Hurrah!

We are grin

No more fear

We can stand steady

Walk and run

with no hearts in hands

No more attacks

Empty bellies in abyss

Scenarios of gunpowder

Or the deafening sounds of bazookas.

We are happy to stroll

In no warning bushes

Ways of **TAKE CARE!**

Those of **BASOPA!**

Those of **TIVONELE!**

Ways of **DANGER!**

Of exterminating mines!

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

***tivonele/basopa***=beware

**Pain over**

Grieving over loss

Sadness overpowered

In cries of pain

My eyes shed tears.

Refreshingly,

I felt you landing in my hands

With your touching feathers

You invaded my soul.

Deepened in your eyes

I saw Love floating

Your look so bright and sweet

Like young corn peering out.

Happiness between us

Dried perishing eyes

In me today

No more grievances

No more lamentations

***By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile***

**Everyone is a world**

Everyone is a world

To draw their boundaries

Everyone is a ruler

With authority and autonomy

Sour for you

May not be for me

Meat

May be poison for me.

I am not what you are

You are not what I am

Live and let live.

I choose my own ways

You choose your own

Live and let live.

I draw my life boundaries

You draw your own

Live and let live.

I rule in my way

You rule in your own

Live and let live.

Yes, you are not me

Neither am I you.

So please, live and let live

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

CELEBRATION

In sharing the beauty of your thought  
I share your world  
your heritage  
your inheritance of Africa

Africa is mine too  
for I share the earth with you  
My India is yours  
for you share the earth with us

This world is ours

the world that is owned by  
forced boundaries  
Is not the world that is one through  
communion of hearts

Some say 'tis imagined  
I say boundaries are imagined  
therefore forced.

Let's join hands  
Let's break the imagined boundaries  
Let's celebrate union  
Let's celebrate cultures  
languages  
loves, faiths and dreams.

Sanghita Sen

[http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration\_\_ELT\_...](http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration__ELT_Online_Reading_Group.pdf)

keep the poems coming, your contribution is one of the indicators that shows we´re moving towards a world without boundaries.

 Tanguene

.

**Greeting**

Good Morning from Mozambique

We are in September

It is no longer freezing

Summer has taken over.

You turn to the sky

You stare at glittering smiles

The spelling of beautiful lines

The magic spells of the day

The sky is blue

The sun is yellow

There no clouds

The Day is so beautiful.

Dírio Dambile

2/09/2011

**Africa**

We overheard

People from other entities

Argue about your fertility.

Some said we are too small for you

we don’t deserve your care and possessions

**Africa**

In you we are what we are

Governed by the rules of life

Living in no hatred and comparisons

But in love and fraternity

**Africa**

Are we small? – **NO**

Are we fools? - **NO**

We are not small

We are not fools

We are what we are.

Short hair and black skin

The colour of our entity

Forced to accept injustice

As if things were so made to be…**shit!**

By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile

02/09/2011

The Massala poems

The fruit has to get ripe

And falls down itself

Even if it looks ripe

Until falls down itself

One has to wait

While the bird

Twittering

From branch

To branch

On the top of

The Massala tree

It sings a sad song

How can they eat it

A fruit with tough shell

Humans are crazy

They eat Massala.

The other bird

Continued the song

Maybe Massala is sweet

Look, he picked one

It was on the ground

He cracked the shell

By hitting its mother with it

He hit the Massala tree

How can we do it

Our hands are these weak feathers.

The other bird chirped

Now he´s eating

Lucky are humans

That have art

And creativity

They don´t sing

Write poems

The Massala poems

The other bird took over

Her chirp was of hope

Maybe he´ll leave some for us

On the ground and he´ll go

But we cannot go there

While he´s still around

The Massala tree

Look, he looks at the branches

If he´s strong as he seems

Would collect some Massala

The Massala is not a fruit

To be collected from

The Massala tree.

Tanguene

Massala is a wild fruit and birds like to stay on the branches and even eat them, but they don´t have the power to collect them because they don´t have hands. They find it strange that men can actually collect it and crack the hard shell, but if they find some open shells on the ground they enjoy them. I was at Manhiça, a district with lots of Massala, while I was enjoying them and looking at the birds behaviour I imagined like they were complaining and looking at the disadvantage they had because they´ve no hands. For the birds we do not point gender in the poem, HE is the person who was cracking and enjoying Massala.

There´s another thing worth of note, this fruit is only ripe when it falls on the ground, it´s useless to pluck it from the tree.

**Let us live this way**

There is no riot

There is no complaint

Life is sweet

We love this way

There is no misery

No complaint

Life is smooth

We love this way

Relax and don’t worry

About the punches of our dad

We live harmoniously

We love this way

We don’t want you

False finders, spies

Cowards, selfish

Call us uncivilized again!

Please,

Do not come with false teachings

No false doctrines

Let us live in peace

By: **Dírio Rodrigues Dambile**

**Mind your ears**

They make themselves best friends

Nice words, friendly speech

To indirectly plant Hatred

Of one’s internal rules.

They spy

Behave like impartial

Your rules are no rules

Take only theirs

Wake up!

They are not friends

They are foes

Mind your ear!

By: **Dírio Rodrigues Dambile**

Good Friends

No blame,  
Nothing did  
Instead, bought him drinks  
And more drinks him bought.  
  
Today,  
His house in ruins falls!  
  
And,  
Their hearts,  
They,  
They’re falling in laughter!

Monday, May 19, 2008

Tanguene

**Good friend**

he did as a friend does

and friend seemed to be.

For trust bought him drinks

And more drinks him bought

Thereafter not good friend

His house crumbled into ruins.

**Dirio**

**Seize the day**

Seize the day

In a dignified

Lovely way.

Admire the beauty

Of it, accomplishing your duty.

Taste every moment,

Be thankful, and bear any torment.

At any encounter with sorrow

Or even a tragedy,

Do not lose hope for...

HE is there for Thee.

Be confident, trust yourself,

Share with others, be helpful,

Keep struggling for...

Life is a gift - divine , beautiful!

Maria              September 8, 2011

**If…**

if love is something lost somewhere we all don’t know,

then it is everywhere we go!

if love has something to do with feelings,

then you know my feelings,

if love is found somewhere we don't expect it to be,

then I have found it in your eyes!

if love can be felt twice,

then we will meet again…

Mon Ami

**Any difference**

Poverty, one thing

Wealth, the other

Opaque stomach

Make no difference

Stale bread

Soft loaf

Either satisfies

At the end

The same goal.

Any difference?

**By: Dírio Dambile**

**The child’s questions**

I am so small to question

What hurts my heart

Big enough to see

The world is upside down

If there is any

Who is he?

The right owner of this world

To keep peace with no threats?

Which is the right corner?

What is the best way of living?

What is that thing

Satisfying the whole world

I don’t know

I will never know

 I’m a child a small child.

See,

They lived their humble ways

Under rules, of course

Happy and serenely

They never claimed

Life was so fit for them!

Exterminating guns

Bombs,

 Missiles,

Tanks

So long they had no target

Drove to that place

Of cities so beautiful

To spoil peace.

BY: Dirio Dambile

10.09.2011

**On the Legend**

He bore the cross,  
Was beaten bitterly,  
Tears, his children dropped,  
Weighing down his backs  
Was the cross of sacrifice!  
  
His children  
Inherited such legacy  
Waiting for his unsure return,  
Over centuries  
Kneeling before the cross  
Heavier than his is  
Their cross,  
The cross of poverty!  
  
*Tanguene*

Monday, June 9, 2008

**The two ways**

Unlike other things

In the universe

Love is the wanted.

Sweet is love

As sweet as honey

Bitter is love

As bitter as citrus peel

Oh, yeah!

Love is two-way

Two way to go

Bitter-sweet.

Love is tricky

As tricky as a rabbit

Eyes open

Less care

Love is two-face

Together today

Tomorrow apart.

Love is to trust

Love is to mistrust

It cures and infects

Hey!

Love blinds

Love deafens.

Dirio

**Song of common lover**

Don't love me, my sweet,  
like your shadow  
for shadows fade at evening  
and I want to keep you  
right up at cockcrow;  
nor like pepper  
which makes the belly hot  
for then I couldn't take you  
when I'm hungry;  
nor like a pillow  
for we'd be together in the hours of sleep  
but scarcely meet by day;  
nor like rice  
for once swallowed you think no more of it;  
nor like soft speeches  
for they quickly vanish;  
nor like honey,  
sweet indeed but too common.  
Love me like a beautiful dream,  
your life in the night,  
my hope in the day;  
like a piece of money,  
ever with me on earth,  
and for the great journey  
a grateful comrade;  
like a calabash,  
intact, for drawing water;  
in pieces, bridges for my guitar.

**BY: Flavien Ranaivo (Madagascar)**

Dirio

**waiting for an angel**

the wind shakes my roof

and the silence grows in my room

like a beast in my hopeless eyes

spread over the open door!

I peep at the window

and see birds flying away… and

back inside nobody breaks the silence

rolling like a stone in my heart;

I fall down on my knees

and crawl to the door

like a lost child looking for a breast

in the empty wild air!

I wait, wait and wait…

and I fall asleep

waiting someday in my dreams

an angel will come and take me in

a long flight to paradise!

Marcos Nhapulo

Sources

*1.      “Waiting for an Angel” was included in the* ***Book Club Newsletter****, at the British Council Mozambique, 2006.*

2.      To be found in the Book ***Inspiration: Treading the Poetic Path***.

The Online Reading Group for English Language Teachers Worldwide

[http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration\_\_ELT\_Online\_Reading\_Group.pdf](http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/discussion/sites/teacheng/files/Inspiration__ELT_Online_Reading_Group.pdf)

Tanguene

**Cows**

As usually

Get back from gazing

Ready for another struggle

No one knows the time of winning

Or what will happen in the middle

Along the perilous journey.

So long ages of waiting and waiting

before,

 stands the pickup and the lorry

to take either

The only salvation.

Clawing at one another

Each aims his destination

Cows! , Cows!

In pickups

Male and females

Big and small ones

Cows! , Cows!

In pickups

Red, blue, black and every colour

They are not cows.

**By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile**

**The same blood**

Brother

You are the last born

I am the first, of course

Father and mother’s question.

Waste no time making silly questions

When you look at me

Don’t hang on me angry eyes

Cast it off and

Your stupidity of youth, as well.

I did not chose to be your elder

But the authority of nature

First born the elder

Irreversible!

Brother

“Blood is thicker than water”

Rumours outside are helpless

Their meaning so small

Let life goes on

Release yourself

Waste no time

These are things no one buys!

But things of nature

I am your elder brother

Believe!

**By: Dírio Rodrigues Dambile**

**28.09.2011**

  In my culture for example, the term **boyfriend** which is **a friend that is a boy,** is not understood alike when it is applied by girls to refer to their friends of the malegender**.**A girl cannot take a boy home and expect parents to accept that that is really their daughter’s boyfriend (simple friend). in our cultural prespective When a girl talks about a **boyfriend** she refers to a **boy lover**

2.      **“uncle”** that is**,** the brother of my father is also **father** except my mother’s brother.

Dirio

**Woman**

All over the world woman

Wake up your mind

Wake up your heart

And shine

Wake your emancipation up

And shine

It is over woman

Over to sleep

Over to accept

Over be under, under your husband’s demand

Rise woman

Rise your eyes

Rise your body

Rise to the word and show

Show woman

Show that you are not inferior

Neither superior

Show that you are a woman

 Dulce Messano

English Teacher and Member of the Reader´s Corner

**I want to be a drum**

**The drum is ageing from screaming**

**Oh ancient God of Men**

**Let me be a drum**

**Body and soul just a drum**

**Just a drum screaming in the hot tropical night.**

**Neither a flower born in the wood of despair.**

**Neither a river flowing into the sea of despair.**

**Neither a *zagaia* seasoned on the bright fire of despair.**

**Nor even poetry crafted under the crimson pain of despair.**

**Nor anything!**

**Just a drum ageing from screaming by the full moon of my homeland**

**Just a drum from the skin dried under the sun of my homeland.**

**Just a drum carved on the hard tree trunks of my homeland!**

**...**

Maria

**...Oh the ancient God of men**

**I want to be a drum**

**Neither be a river**

**Neither be a flower**

**Neither a slender spear for the time being**

**Or a poetry.**

**Just a drum echoing like a song of strength and life**

**Just a drum At day and night**

**Day and night just a drum**

**Until the consummation of the drum big party**

**Oh the ancient God of men**

**Let me be a drum**

**Just a drum**

Dirio

***“Let me be a drum  
     body and soul just a drum  
     just a drum in the hot night  
     worn with its cry in the full moon  
     of my land…  
     I want to be a drum  
     and not a river  
     a flower…  
     nor even poetry.  
     Let me be a drum  
     Just a drum”  
       
    José Craveirinha***

***Source:*** [***http://ir.uz.ac.zw:8080/dspace/bitstream/123456789/605/1/ARMANDO+GUEBUZA...***](http://ir.uz.ac.zw:8080/dspace/bitstream/123456789/605/1/ARMANDO+GUEBUZA+AMONG+THE+POETS.pdf)

What can we do?

Tanguene

[Tell me the price](http://www.teachingenglish.org.uk/discussion/maputo-readers-corner#comment-18290)

Submitted on 21 October, 2011 - 06:35

Oh!  
We never knew  
the cost would be so high  
such demon crutches  
her name: Demo Cracy   
the ghostly shadow  
imposing and claiming  
to unite and build new worlds  
for my poor people  
by force, caring not   
and burning souls.  
Look!  
men gone, men left  
What´s the price,  
if we´ll ever pay!  
would you tell us,  
What´s the price?

Tanguene

Just this one

All the rest are poems of death, just this one is of life  
All the rest are poems of my own, just this one is yours  
All the rest are poems that are stopped, hesitant – remnants of ambition frozen on the lips  
       flooded monsoon streets with open manholes spewing sewage  
       wounded bleeding bodies left behind by tires after tires and   
       a bridge collapsing  
All the rest are poems about cities, just this one is about the country.  
  
All the rest are poems of death, just this one is of life  
All the rest are poems of my own, just this one is yours  
This one is of the wild sea, of all the pains that were yet to be shared  
       of the one who walked into the waves one spring, without a reason  
       of laughing people bending double, letting the wind seep in with the dust  
       of leaves flying away in thousands, speaking of impending storms  
All the rest are poems of the Ganga, just this one is about the Yamuna.  
  
By Sankha Ghosh   
*translated from the original Bengali by*  
**Bhismadev Chakrabarti**

http://www.parabaas.com/translation/database/translations/poems/sankhaghosh\_just.html

 If a poem is good you can fail to notice, but if it´s bad you notice quickly: Just This One

Regards

Tanguene

**All the rest are poems of my own, just this one is yours**

I could understand it better now, and thank you for your time and pleasant posts, I believe many readers have benefited from it as I have. I opened the link Pilar has sent as I don´t speak nor read Spanish it reminded me of a story we read in one of our past  RC meetings. I felt I´m like the bottle speaking in Hans Christian Andersen story “The Bottle Neck” which sadly expresses that:

*“...and one loses a good deal if one does not understand the language.”*

Another funny passage we enjoyed in our reading group was about time and language learning. The question was do we really learn a language by the passing of time or practice? We got the answer here:

*“For full twenty years it stood up in the loft; and it might have remained there longer, but that the house was to be rebuilt. The roof was taken off, and then the bottle was noticed, and they spoke about it, but it did not understand their language; for one cannot learn a language by being shut up in a loft, even if one stays there for twenty years.”*

Best regards,

Tanguene

Just this one

All the rest are poems of death, just this one is of life  
All the rest are poems of my own, just this one is yours  
All the rest are poems that are stopped, hesitant – remnants of ambition frozen on the lips  
       flooded monsoon streets with open manholes spewing sewage  
       wounded bleeding bodies left behind by tires after tires and   
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Regards

Tanguene